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Editorial.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD has taken the field against her critics in a defence of the use of religion in the writing of fiction: "There is nothing to forbid our dealing with the thought-stuff of the philosopher as freely as with the thought-stuff of the peasant or the maiden," she writes; "I am so made that I can not picture a human being's development without wanting to know the whole, his religion as well as his business, his thoughts as well as his actions."

A READER of UNITY, writing some appreciative words, speaks of the loneliness that one holding his liberal views must feel in a community governed, in its social and its religious life, by orthodox sentiment. He pays a tribute to the worth of the broader faith into which he has himself grown, by saying that he feels it to be "far more abiding and stable" than the old one; while he is sensible of constantly enlarging appreciation, not only of the work and character of Jesus, but of all great and noble souls, of distant and present times. Death, also, has changed "from a tragedy, dark, mysterious and awful, to a glorious transformation, another birth." This is testimony that might be gathered from many sources. A rational faith has, as direct relation to the heart life as to the intellectual, as much power to bestow happiness as to clear and enlarge the understanding.

SOME of the newspapers, religious and secular, are agitating the question of a "Home Missionary Trust," by means of which the rapid multiplication of small struggling societies in our towns and villages, condemned in commercial phrase, as a case of overproduction, may be discouraged, and the entire business of religious propagandism be undertaken by large responsible organizations which can command the capital and experience necessary to success. The suggestion will excite a smile, and is a proof of how far the "combine" principle has strengthened itself in popular favor. The day will come, though yet far distant, when the little village of a few hundred souls will so have grown in the thought of a universal religion, devoted only to the needs of a common humanity, that the half-dozen poorly-supported places of worship will give way to one or two, but it will not be by any such means as this.

THE Sunday *Times* calls attention to the fact that the asperities of politics are passing away and giving place to the amenities. The struggle between opposing parties is as lively and energetic as ever, but is accompanied by much less partisan prejudice and abuse. Slowly the reign of reason and a more humane spirit is making itself felt, here as elsewhere. The *Times* thinks growth in this direction has been going on mainly during the past twenty-five years, and that we have not yet reached "that era of good feeling" which marked the time of President Monroe; but we are as distrustful of this particular application of the theory of "the good old times" as we are of the principle itself. The truth is the spirit of party politics ran quite as high in the days of our respected fathers, even in the time of the wise and saintly Washington, as now. The old times were not as good as the new, politically or otherwise; and the future will better both.

THE invention of the mechanical "cash carrier" which is being so rapidly adopted in our city stores, brings again to the front an old problem in economics, the relation of machinery to labor and to the thousands of men and women whom its use seems to deprive of the chance to earn a living. Hundreds of boys and girls have lost an old means of livlihood through the introduction of this new device. Yet no one who has watched its movements in one of our large and crowded stores, the ease and rapidity with which money is paid in and change returned, but must rejoice at its invention. Incidentally, much loss and hardship may result, but the spectacle of these little folk, trotting on their endless rounds for a mere pittance, has always aroused the sympathy and protests of the humane. We find another illustration of the providential, better described as evolutionary working of things together, in the fact that this change in the administration of our large mercantile houses occurs at the time of a growing sentiment in favor of the compulsory education law, which can only be enforced in proportion as the children find it difficult to earn money.

A RECENT writer objects to the abolition of the church pew on the ground that it destroys the "homeliness" of the church, often preventing families from sitting together. The presence of the family in a congregation is far more inspiring to the minister, it is said, than one composed of individuals. The habit of letting the younger members of the family sit by themselves or in other company than that of father and mother has its dangers, no doubt. Doubtless, too, there are those in the most radical and democratic church who unite "a theoretic belief in equality with a practical hankering after the best seat." Human nature remains much the same in its exactions and vanities, no matter how broad and rational the principle on which it tries to act; but all "hankering" after exceptional and unearned privileges will be sooner cured by a sentiment and practice which rebukes and disallows its exercise. And the merits of the free-rental principle is one that grows in favor every day.

THEOLOGICAL fustian and rodomontade still find an apostle in Rev. Joseph Cook, who understands so well the art of using ponderous and glittering phrases for ideas. From the ruins of faith he has rescued sixteen "columnar truths," as he terms them. Two principles have guided him, the "literal infallibility of the self-evident truths of Scripture," and "the veracity of Christ." Mr. Cook does not tell us who it is that has disputed the veracity of Christ, but the virtue of his own action in thus separating himself from them is none the less worthy of record. It takes an heroic cast of mind to admit the infallibility of a self-evident truth, not to confuse the general intelligence by questioning that two and two make four and that the sum of opposite angles is equal to two right angles. Such, to be sure, are not just the kind of truths Mr. Cook finds in Exodus and Revelation. Of those he does find, some, as Monotheism, it is monstrous arrogance in any one mind to claim the discovery of, and others are as useless to the world when discovered as the bits of glass and pebbles one may find on the site of a ruin when looking for a real treasure. We shall not take the space to enumerate Mr. Cook's sixteen "columnar truths," only reminding him that in the structures of faith, as in real architecture, columns do not always support, and may be composed of very flimsy material, as hollow as the utterances of those who erect them.

EVERY reform has its inherent evil, growing out of the spirit of excess that accompanies any advanced idea, The Prison Reform movement, begun by Howard and Elizabeth Fry, is a case in point. The unqualified brutality of the old system of criminal punishment has given rise, along with the noble work associated with these and other names, to a mass of false and weakening sentiment on this subject, a sickly romanticism, disguising itself under the name of philanthropy. But we are loth to believe that the administration of the Elmira Reformatory deserves the censure on this ground which it has lately received at the hands of some English writers, who speak of this and the institution at Concord, Mass., as little better than "collegiate hotel-prisons," which by means of the indulgences practiced towards the inmates have become no better than "schools of crime," Whatever the errors of the reformers on this line, we are sure they are but incidental and temporary. Their faces are set in the right direction, They are actuated by a just and humane spirit, a belief in the general likeness of human nature, which under all circumstances is worth more to the true lover of his kind than the widest differences; their work deserves heartiest encouragement rather than weak and narrow minded criticism.

THE steady tendency of the Unitarians of America toward the unquestioned hospitality of the ethical basis for and in religion is made manfest by the frequent revision of the "bonds of union" upon which churches are based. The apparently hesitating and reactionary movements which occasionally occur in our conferences in this direction are only on the surface. Below we give in full the revised bond of union of a church that had lived for fifty years under theological limitations and implications; believing that, in addition to being good reading in itself, it will be a hint to other consciences and a suggestion to other intellects:

> In the freedom of the truth, and in the spirit of human brotherhood, and to the end that the best meanings of these words may open in our minds and fill our lives and make us strong to bear a helpful part in our community, we who here subscribe our names do by this act enter into a Covenant of love and service and right endeavor with each other. Our doctrinal beliefs we hold always open to re-statement, as growing thought and purer life reveal new truth. Basing our union, therefore, on no credal test, we welcome to our membership all who wish to join us in following after truth and righteousness and love.

The Unitarian Congress.

The following is the preliminary address, issued by the World's Fair Auxiliary sent out by the committee on an International Congress, to be held in Chica o, 1893, which has been before mentioned in these columns. The importance of this work merits the prominent place we here give it. The address is signed by all the members of the local and the advisory committees.

To the Members and Friends of the Unitarian Faith in all Countries:

During the World's Columbian Exposition, in the Autumn of 1893, it is proposed to hold in Chicago the first Parliament of religions, the purpose of which is to bring together the representatives of the several faiths, not for the purpose of showing their diversities, but to illustrate their unities and harmonies. And since there is likewise in contemplation the assembling of Congresses of the various denominations, and also appropriate inter-denominational meetings, the committee appointed by the President of the World's Congress Auxiliary to represent the Unitarian church, invites your coöperation in forming a Congress of our denomination.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so good an opportunity as this to speak our message to humanity; to this generation the opportunity will not come again.

We would bring together on that occasion the chief representatives of Liberal Religion the world over, and have not merely a National Conference, but an International Convention of the liberals of the world. Liberal Religion is the most wide-spread phase of faith upon the face of the earth. It is native to every civilized clime, and is the culmination of each of the great world faiths. Let us set forth the great unities of the heart and soul of man; and show that mankind are not only of one blood bodily, but that spiritually they are of one divine hunger, aspiration, hope. Let us come together, not in the interest of negations, but of the great affirmations of life, such as are verified by the highest thought and noblest lives of humanity.

Let the spirit which suffered in Hungary, which was strong in the Pilgrims and Puritans, which is now bursting the bonds which fetter the soul in Europe, Asia and America, here give voice to the rich, world-wide harmonies of the Liberal Faith, that the many who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are not filled may see that in the religion of Channing, Parker and Emerson is the heavenly manna which their souls crave.

The pleasure and profit of such a representative meeting as is proposed, would be greatly enhanced by the presence, which can doubtless be secured, of many of the leading liberals of the old world as well as of the new. The Pentecostal tongue of the Spirit will speak one message from all, comprehensive and universally comprehended.

These considerations, we believe, present an earnest claim upon all loyal Unitarians, to do their utmost to make this Congress one of the memorable gatherings of this age.

We, therefore, earnestly request the active coöperation of the Advisory Council named below, in the suggestion of themes for discussion, the speakers to present them, and in all other ways which will contribute to the success of the meetings.

All communications may be addressed to,

REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
Chairman Joint Committee on a Unitarian Church Congress.
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Persistence of "Orthodoxy."

A GOOD FRIDAY EXPERIENCE.

The modern form of religious faith is so simple, rational and beautiful that one sometimes wonders why it does not persuade every one to accept it. How can any intelligent person at the end of the nineteenth century take in earnest the wonder stories of the first and second centuries? How can a graduate of the public schools, much less of a college, read the Bible without finding the human inconsistencies and contradictions which characterize all literature? How can any one seriously believe the childish story of the Fall, the talking serpent and all? Or how can one see through the old story, and yet hold to the theology of the lost world and the infinite Savior, which is built upon the old serpent as its corner-stone?

On the other hand, one occasionally catches gleams of intelligence to show why the old forms of faith crude as they are, persist and still hold the loyalty of bright and earnest minds. I went some time ago to hear Bach's magnificent Passion Music. The choruses did their duty. The voices in the recitative and the airs were sweet and full. At first the words and the frequent repetitions slightly disturbed my mind. There were doubtless ideas involved in these words which seemed quaint and even grotesque, but I was soon taken up into the spirit of the music. Less and less did I care for particular words. I had not come for words but for music; not for the criticism of details, but for the general impression of the whole oratorio.

Presently I saw and felt more clearly than ever before, how persons brought up Protestants are moved to go over heart and soul to the Catholic church. I imagined myself hearing that music in some grand cathedral. I imagined myself to have heard about religion but to have had no experience of it, and for the first time to have felt bursting upon me the sense of a great and real religion, its reverence, its pathos, its infinite mystery.

Here was portrayed something which, as compared with all kinds of paganism, or materialism, or irreligion, seemed to rise like a great mountain peak of reality. The very tone of the music carried a conviction of truth uttering itself. If anywhere in the universe there was truth, surely it lay in this direction. If there was good or God, then God was here. I could therefore see how, if I had not understood before what the music was telling, even my reason might have argued thus:—This way lie truths too large for man altogether to comprehend. They are truths which meet the deepest needs of my nature. Everywhere else I have looked for truth and satisfaction in vain. I have been wearied; my mind has been baffled. I have studied forces and laws of nature; I have tried various pleasures; I have nowhere discovered any purpose, or guiding thought in the world. Here alone I catch sight of purpose, of good rising and of chaos and evil. It is true that there remain questions unanswered. There may be seeming contradictions in this majestic religion. But I accept it *as a whole*, with a tremendous conviction that Truth and Reality are upon this side and nowhere else. I have had enough of vanity and egotism. I will go henceforth where Reality commands.

I suspect that this is fair logic. I hold that in the absence of any better interpretation of religion, the Roman Catholic faith interpreted in the form of Bach's Passion Music ought to convert a man.

The truth is that the Passion Music gives the "orthodox" religion as a poem, not as a theology. The details are all subordinate. The grand themes are made to stand out. They are the themes of which life is made. There is sin, sorrow, death. There is infinite love standing behind death. It is wonderful how, and out of the tones of grief, ever and anon are made to rise the clear, sweet note of triumph. Somehow pain is seen not to be loss or waste. "Pain is gain." Life, not death wins the victory. All this is surely a revelation of God. A world in which good flows and of evil, a world in which Passion Music is commanded to be the sweetest of all music—this is God's world.

Now it is in this poetic form, as a unity, that the old orthodox religion holds its sway over noble and even thoughtful minds. What these minds see and feel is not the details of a bare theological system, but a real experience of religion. You can not tell them that their religion is all mistaken and wrong. It is not true to say. Their religion is a real religion. It is possible that they have seen more of the religious realities than those who are forward in denouncing their "orthodox" errors. Their religion persists for the excellent reason that it is a religion.

If anything is to be accomplished in relieving "orthodoxy" of errors, it must be by the path of development. You must have a deeper and larger experience of religion. You must appreciate what the devout Roman Catholic feels in the Passion Music or in the celebration of the mass. You must not convict him of error, so much as show him the higher truth. You must assure him that you, too, believe not less but more, that you too understand the religion of the Passion Music, that it is indeed a symbol of facts grander than the old theology conceived, that it tells a story typical of all human life, of all sorrow, all suffering and all love.

C. F. D.

Pencilings.

This is the season of sketch-book and pencil, when the artist lays up the store of hints and suggestions caught in a fern-lined dell, a wild barberry bush bending above a trickling stream, a mass of shadowy forest trees, a stretch of meadow with a glistening church spire in the distance.

Painter and sculptor are not the only ones who have resort to the sketcher's art and yield themselves to his dreamy pastimes. Not the busiest and most severe-minded among us who is not a dreamer now and then, who does not have his moods of pure rumination. The penciler finds the shadowy figures thus evoked by fancy more interesting and amusing, often, than the real people met in house and street. That is because such shadows are never wholly shadows, as in certain lights and angles of vision real people seem so fantastic and unreal. The real and unreal, the actual and the imaginary, the possible and the attained are strangely mixed in us all. Our virtues as well as our faults run to excess.

That is what I am charitably forced to conclude is the matter with Seraphita. I do not like Seraphita, whom nearly every one else, however, praises without stint for her unselfishness, her modesty, her piety. It is worth while going to church Sunday morning just to see Seraphita walk down the aisle and take her place in the pew; such conscious and well-arranged unobtrusiveness was never before seen, such a determined air of propriety, such preconcerted heavenly-mindedness of look and walk. These spiritual graces are accentuated to outward vision by a perfection of costume, always quiet and elegant, and invariably the "latest." Becky Sharpe said she could be virtuous on five hundred a year, and Seraphita's exquisitely fitting gowns, made at ruinous prices by stylish city dressmakers, have much to do, not only with the admiring awe in which she is held by her friends, but with her own admitted power of usefulness. There is more virtue in the middle back seam of her beaded wrap than in the entire mortal economy of the average attendant. Seraphita could not teach her Sunday-school class of girls the meaning of the beatitudes in a bonnet a degree less becoming, or gloves that failed to match her gown; and her notions of the beatitudes are as correct and ladylike as her dress.

Seraphita is not only a devoted member of the church, she is an active philanthropist, visiting the homes of the poor, keeping neat little records of her beneficiaries, and dealing out her charities in the same systematic manner in which she arranges her bureau drawers. Her charges are very fond of her, though a little afraid of her too, but that is wholesome. Seraphita is pleasant to look upon, with large eyes full of generous feeling, which we may be sure she will never let grow a whit less generous, and a face quite Madonna-like in its perfect oval, the combined purity and elevation of its expression. It is a drawback to a just conception of the Madonnas that nobody ever saw one when she was not sitting for her picture. Seraphita too, seems to be always sitting for her picture. Wherever you find her, under the most prosaic or trying circumstances, such as are sure to bring out a good deal of human nature in most people, the same air of watchful unconsciousness envelopes her. A hasty word, an irritated look or motion never escapes her; she would have to record it at night in her diary. Of course Seraphita keeps a diary, which she prizes as a nun her rosary, in which she enumerates the moral triumphs of the day. Well, she will reap her reward though she will not really need any, she rewards herself so handsomely as she goes along. It is interesting to think how she will look in heaven, how chastely and becomingly her celestial robes will fall about her feet, how well the little crown will fit her modest brow, how gracefully she will hold the harp that goes with the crown. Seraphita will undoubtedly go to heaven sometime, which is more than can be prophesied with certainty of some of her detractors.

Men and Things.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER says that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that the "mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

WE read that the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, has been invited to be one of the guests of honor at the three hundredth anniversary of the University of Dublin, which begins on July 6 and will last throughout the week.

FIFTY per cent of the 1,277,436 volumes loaned by the Paris Municipal Libraries in one year were fiction. Zola and Jules Verne are the two greatest favorites, and Dumas *père* and Sue are very popular. The demand for Balzac and George Sand appears to be falling off. In poetry Victor Hugo is ahead of all rivals.

THE *Christian Union* states that the General Synod of the Reformed church in America, in session at Asbury Park last week, adopted a resolution declaring that should the Columbian Exposition be opened on Sunday the Synod would decline to take part in the religious exhibit, and requested all denomination to make contributions to further the movement.

ANOTHER illustration of the English dislike of Howells is found in Hall Caine, who commenting on American authors, speaks admiringly of the work of Whitman, Bret Harte, Mr. Aldrich, Mrs. Burnett, Mark Twain and others, whose writings he finds in harmony with some phase of life in this country, but it bewilders him, in his ignorance of America, he says, to find the author of "A Modern Instance" counted among its distinguished literary progeny.

THE order of the Jesuits is said at the present time to number 12,947 members divided into five groups—Italian, French, German, Spanish and English. The German group is the largest, having a total number of 3,470; the French comes next with 2,863; next the Spanish, with 2,570; the English next, with 2,307; and the Italian comes last, with 1,764. Each group is divided into provinces, the seven English provinces being England, Maryland, Missouri, Ireland, Canada, New Orleans and Zambezi.

EMILLIO CASTELAR in the *Century* says that Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed, of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclined to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand, we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skillful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*"

Contributed and Selected.

Buddha.

[Read with one of the class floral offerings at the Flower Service, All Souls Church, June 26, 1892.

We lay our offering at the feet of one
Who brought the world rich gifts of tenderness,
The "Indian lover of mankind," whose life
We consecrate to deeds of sacrifice,
O gentle Buddha, grown the strong through love,
Love so deep that it could *conquer* love,
Who dwell apart in lonely, desert ways,
Who find its pain sweeter than pleasure was,
That only he might ease his brother's load,
Bring strength to weakness, light to blinded eyes.

To-day we would bring a rarer gift to-day
Than these mute blossoms with their broken stems,
A gift of love, breath of immortal life,
The grace and glory of our crescent youth,
The golden promise of our noon-tide strength,
The *giving* heart, the *willing* spirit, and the *helping* hand.

E. H. W.

Be Not Afraid.

That beautiful poem, that story of "The Little Voyager," setting boldly out to sea—you remember it, do you not? It dwells upon a quality that is very dear to the human heart. We all love the soul that strikes forth bravely, not unmindful, but unafraid of the dangers to be encountered. This courage, born of perfect faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, we all need, too, constantly. Life makes demands upon us for submissive trust, and at no point in our existence is this demand more absolute than in our contact with the baser elements of our race. In the haunts of vice and crime, in the awful possibilities of man, we find the modern hell. And the modern saint is not permitted to gaze over its parapets and rejoice in the conviction that the souls there are eternally lost. All abandoned failures along the path of evolution to the contrary, notwithstanding, we must have faith in the salvation of every human being. There is not one who is not our kindred. To work for the swift advancement of the race, unheeding the sacrifice of individuals is to withdraw ourselves into a ring that is in danger of becoming a satellite and dying before the planet to whose seething center the masses cling. To carefully choose our environment, excluding therefrom every contaminating influence, is only to seek a selfish salvation. If we know the good, if we strive for it, if we have it to a certain extent, surely it is stronger than evil. Surely, in the ceaseless tendency of nature to find a level, the power of righteousness to lift up is more than the power of depravity to pull down. And if the better soul is unconsciously deflected, and loses something that it might have attained had it not been for contact with the baser, is the sacrifice more than would have been required to enter the old-time hell and spend eternity there, ministering unto those in torment? Or if it be, is human vision not clearer and human strength not greater to-day to help us meet it?

The ever-potent *open sesame* to the hearts of the ignorant, the fallen and the depraved is that spirit of utter self-renunciation manifested by Jesus and Buddha. And just in proportion as we possess it, just in proportion as we are willing to go down into the very depths of life for any fellow-mortal, ought we to hope for universal salvation. This Christ-like spirit is not the special gift of a certain class of individuals to which we can delegate all endeavor for the up-lifting of mankind. It is the bond of common human brotherhood made palpable. It is the recognition of the part that conscious human effort has to play in the preservation of all souls. For mightily as are the short-sighted deeds of man bent to the far-reaching purposes of God, something essential is still left for human aim, human free-will to accomplish. We gladly reach our hands upward to be helped to mount. In the name of all that is generous, let us stretch our hands downward to help those behind us. I mean those with whom we are thrown into contact naturally in the course of our daily lives, and from whom we shrink, feeling their world to be foreign to ours, knowing it to be lower. Just here let us be not afraid. Let us set forth bravely. Let us dare something in the way of environment. Let us bear in mind that a soul from which we draw back aghast must be reached, if we are to keep the human family circle unbroken. Let us strive to understand such souls, resting assured that there is good in them of which we have not dreamed. Let us expect to find God there somewhere. Let us treat every human being as a son or daughter of God. Let us follow our faith in humanity to its uttermost. Let us be loyal to every member of the human race. Let us begin to build, now and here, the heaven we hope to see all enjoy hereafter. Let us be not afraid of losing that heaven for ourselves in our efforts to secure it for others. Let us go forth, believing so intensely in our highest ideals and their adaptability to every-day life that no evil conceivable shall have power to appal us.

This, if you have caught my meaning, is the interpretation that I would have you put to-day on these three little words, "Be not afraid!"

MARION LISLE.

With a Definition Text.

Evolution touches all things, even words, and most of us who still call ourselves young, can remember how widely different from the present was the past meaning of some vital word. "Charity" is one of these; and from the old mere giving "to him that asketh of thee," it has so grown and changed that we have almost gone to the other extreme of belief concerning its meaning, from so often being told, "Do *not* give to beggars," etc.

It was with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction, that, a few Sundays ago, I heard Mr. Mangasarian give this comprehensive definition of the word: "Charity is the administration of all that we have and all that we are according to sympathy and judgment."

This seems a good text to expound a little taking it somewhat to pieces. "Administration" is an admirable word especially when I find that the dictionary helps out by defining it as "The act of managing anything on certain principles or by certain methods," and, "The act of dispensing anything, as justice, the sacraments, or medicine." It seems to signify a trust, too, since we can hardly hear the word without thinking of an estate as connected with it. At the very least, it disabuses our mind of the ordinary thought that charity is only giving, because administration quite as often means withholding, and we who would be most charitable must learn the wisest times for both.

"All that we have" is an old and familiar keynote that has often weighed us down with a sense of responsibility in even modest possessions; and I shall not dwell upon it except to remind you, that in this definition of charity, it is not "give," but administer, that belongs with it. "And all that we are" has a potency hard to estimate in a practical way. We "are" a great deal when it comes to our relations to other people, and we are constantly giving them something, good or bad; or, if we do any withholding of either, it is apt to be from selfishness, indifference or laziness, not because of "administration." The noble motto of the Associated Charities Organization is, "Not alms but a friend," and this, with Mr. Mangasarian's "administration of all that we are," holds a suggestion of the best, broadest, sweetest charity that we can strive for.

"According to sympathy and judgment" is the perfect limitation and extension of that which we would do. Sympathy is first, for we can do nothing without it; but, if it is the only governing feeling, it very often does harm,—not always, but so often that we do well to heed, "Don't let your sympathy run away with your judgment."

Judgment alone is not good either, for we sometimes "judge hardly" or "judge from our own point of view," or fail to "put yourself in his place," and so it needs to have that little "and" holding it very close to sympathy, and thus help us in our wise administration.

There are so many other than bread-and-butter needs in the world, and "all that we have and all that we are" is none too much with which to meet those that come in our way if only we keep ourselves ready to see them. "Charity work" is something we are often asked or told to do, but I wish some one would go about setting the fashion of sometimes calling it "Charity pleasure," for surely Lucy Larcom spoke truly when she said,

"There are *ends* more worthy than happiness;
Who *seeks* it, is digging joy's grave, we know:
The blessed are those that but live to bless,—
She found out that mystery long ago."

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

What is Religion?

True religion consists in a candid, hearty and complete dedication of self to one's highest ideal of right. Its exercise always brings the priceless reward of the approval, protection and loving kindness of "Our Father," without regard to theological belief. The Hindu who seeks to worship God by bowing down to idols, the Arab who exclaims, "Allah is God, and Mahomet is his prophet," the Catholic who worships with the aid of the rites and ceremonies of his church, the Protestant who is filled with emotions of gratitude as he accepts the doctrine of his salvation through the blood of Christ, and he who recognizes no necessity for any representative or mediator, between himself and divinity, but feels it best to come in direct touch with the Father, are each *equally certain* of the approval and loving care which is never denied to him who fulfills the condition stated in the first sentence of this article.

It is also true that the nearer our beliefs approach to a correct conception of truth, and to correct views of God, and our relation to him, the better our lives become. Our characters will be made up of the sum of our life thoughts.

Our actions are largely influenced by our beliefs. We grow to be like the ideal we worship. Therefore it is a matter of great importance that we should try earnestly to sift and weigh evidence, that our faith may be grounded on true principles. Let us ever be open to conviction and strive for light and follow it honestly. "He that seeks shall find and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

S. C. STURTEVANT.

Appleton City, Mo.

WE never willingly offend where we sincerely love.—*Rowland Hill.*

REPROACH is usually honest, which is more than can be said of praise.—*Balzac.*

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—In an article by W. C. Gannett in UNITY of June 16, entitled, "A Dimmed Ideal," Mr. Gannett starts off by saying, "The Western Conference has passed a new resolution; and congratulations, defences, disappointments concerning it, are all in order." Farther on, in summing up his review of opinions concerning the resolution, he comes to the conclusion that, *Whichever is right, the thing is haze.*

These two considerations;—that, it is "*in order*" to do so, and that *the resolution, still "is haze,"* together with the fact that my views concerning the purport of the resolution, have not, either during the discussion upon the floor of the Conference, or, to my knowledge, since, been clearly brought out, has prompted me to venture to offer them at this time.

It was repeatedly affirmed by the supporters of the resolution, that it altered, not in the least, the preamble or statement of the Western Conference, or its attitude regarding perfect freedom for work, aid and fellowship; while it did open a door for union and harmony, where without it, had existed disunion and discord. That the resolution does not alter the position or attitude of the Western Conference, as affirmed by its supporters, seems perfectly clear, as the *whole* of the preamble and statement is included and *indorsed* in the resolution. But, while the resolution does not change the attitude of the Western Conference it will tend, most unmistakably, to change the attitude of some outside towards the Western Conference. It is a door that opens out, but does not open in, It is well known that there are many who are eager to labor for the advancement of truth, righteousness and love, who, on account of the enormities which have been perpetrated in the name of *religion*, will hesitate to unite with a society, or accept the hand of fellowship extended by a society, calling itself *religious*.

A wish to discontinue open fellowship may be compassed in two ways, by refusing to extend the open hand, or by extending it in such a way, or under such circumstances that it will not be accepted. The latter is the method employed in the resolution, to accomplish its purpose, which is a limitation of the open fellowship of the Western Conference, and which formed the basis for reunion.

That the resolution will tend to accomplish its object, is as certain as that positive and negative forces are repellant to each other. Where is the "haze"?

CHARLES. G. BROWN.

Evanston, Ill.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Liberal Church: Obstacles in the Way of its Growth.

By Newton M. Mann, read before the Western Unitarian Conferences May, 1892.

The difficulties in the way of multiplying liberal churches in the West are so apparent as hardly to need pointing out. In these discussions, however, we must deal in the commonplace and say much that everybody knew before, in the hope that by getting the facts before our minds helps may suggest themselves to overcome the obstacles with which our way is beset. My task is easy; I have only to point out the obstacles.

The difficulties in our way, I imagine, are much the same East as West, except it be the immediate vicinity of Boston. At all events I see no difference between New York and Nebraska in this respect. The work required to plant a Unitarian church in one or the other of these states is, I should say, ten times as great as to plant a Methodist church ten times as strong. I speak without experience in forming Methodist churches, but if observation is worth anything, my statement is quite within bounds. We do not increase like the other sects. I should not be a good Unitarian if, in admitting this fact, I did not go on to neutralize its force, or at least its disagreeableness, by pointing out that this is a disparity that exists between higher and lower orders of life everywhere. Rabbits, for instance, multiply with amazing rapidity, while the noble horse and the sagacious elephant no more than hold their own. It is surprising how many consolations for impotency one can find if one looks for them.

Our difficulties naturally fall into two classes, one relating to the thing itself which goes under the name of Unitarianism or other rationalistic designation; the other relating to the environment in which it has to make its way. The weakness of our faith as a thing to propagate, is its lack of a dramatic scheme of the moral universe capable of picturesque and startling presentation. Orthodox Christianity is rich in this respect. To be sure the old story is worn, but to unreflecting minds, which means the multitude, it is of wonderful pathos and power. We have nothing of a moving quality to offer in the place of it. Ours is a reasoned faith whose seat of authority is the soul, and most people have no souls that they make use of in this way. From its very amplitude our faith takes on a vagueness of outline which again reduces the number of its possible adherents to a small minority. Still this weakness could in a measure be overcome in practice, for church-goers do not all go to the bottom and look closely into the foundations. The greater practical weakness is the lack of traditions, the lack of a venerable inheritance of religious prepossessions such as make in great part the strength of the older churches. There is prestige in the name of any one of the great sects, and the very calling of that name in any new place rallies to its support those to whom it in any measure applies. You need not be a member of such a church to be drawn to it, it is enough that your father, your mother, or your grandmother belonged to that order. Such a church has a recognized claim upon you even though its membership has never embraced one of your family; for it is an acknowledged institution of the land. Not so with any one of the liberal orders. A church not yet a hundred years old is still a novelty in the world, has in the eyes of mankind no ecclesiastical standing. When one of us goes to a new town to start a liberal movement it is pretty sure that he will have to explain his purpose just as though his was the first movement of the kind ever started anywhere. He announces services under the new name which sounds strange to almost everybody, and has no drawing power beyond the proverbial "two or three," taken this time with awful literalness. Not only are there no traditions for this missionary to lean on, the very novelty of the name he takes repels, being suggestive of some new and damnable heresy. So, instead of being borne on with the current, he finds he has to struggle against it. The stream of prejudice setting down upon him he will find swollen by outpourings from other pulpits, whose occupants will regard almost any means justifiable by which he may be suppressed. This opposition is unpleasant but not unnatural. Novelties in religion do not commend themselves *prima facie*. We shrink, the freest of us, from the "new lights." Nature has set this obstacle, and we cannot complain of it; nevertheless it is an obstacle. The missionary of a rational faith finds the world in no fever of delighted expectancy over his arrival; the interest he has mostly to create, and he has to create it under adverse conditions.

It is with the difficulties growing out of these conditions that we are chiefly concerned, as they are really the only ones that are removable. We note as the conspicuous feature of the little assemblies that gather to our preaching the lack of what I may call the churchly spirit. Not only is the worshiping sentiment feeble, there is wanting that *esprit de corps* so marked in other religious bodies, and so essential to the life of any religious movement. In the first place, the people a liberal minister gathers, in starting a new society, are for the most part people who have been so long without church connection as to have lost in great measure the qualities that make a person useful for church work, lost the disposition to join hands with their fellows in the multifarious social, intellectual, moral and religious enterprises that make up the business of a working church. The little company that gathers is found to be composed of individuals who have slight affinities for one another, and are held together by the one thread of the preacher's personality. They will show a strong indisposition to coalesce into an organization. A form of organization pressed upon them under such circumstances can not mean much, and will generally turn out nothing better than a rope of sand. So the preacher is continually losing his hold upon one and another, and as time goes on there is little or no growth, the gains being balanced by the losses. The tendency is of course to make the pulpit more and more of a lectureship, to the detriment of the church as a working body.

Another difficulty of a more material kind grows out of this unchurchly, undisciplined character of our congregations. People who have been outside of any religious organization for years, come to us unaccustomed to bear any part of the financial burden of a church. An extra tax is involved for something which they have always got along without, and they feel it. They feel it, too, if, as often happens, through some member of the family attending another church, there is a double tax for religious privileges, and, if retrenchment becomes necessary, it is generally, the new movement that suffers. The unorganized, incoherent company finds it very hard to meet the expenses of a church, and the minister finds it hard to live on his salary, often only paid in part.

We are embarrassed, too, in our operations in the West by the frequent failure of Unitarians to connect themselves with our churches as they remove into the new states from the East. This is the more surprising as not a few of our western churches are partly maintained by eastern money. It only shows that the incoherence of liberals is not local or accidental but radical and universal. It produces a singular effect upon a Unitarian missionary—and most of us are missionaries west of Chicago and St. Louis—to meet people whom he never sees in his church who yet talk with enthusiasm of their former connection with some strong Unitarian church in Massachusetts. Longitude seems to have a remarkable influence upon the creed of some people. Unitarians in Boston, they are Episcopalians or Congregationalists in Omaha.

Taking the facts I have presented into account, it is no wonder that there is a dearth of the apostolic spirit among the preachers. The other difficulties create this, which is the most fatal to all. We need men, good men. And when I say good men, I mean not merely men who will keep the ten commandments, but men who have something to say, and are able to say it. Most of us are essayists, unable to open our mouths without our manuscript before us. This disqualifies for work in a new field. A missionary with a manuscript is pretty much ridiculous, as he will be the first to discover if he has any sense. The apostles, I believe, have never read their sermons. The missionary must not only be prepared to go without his manuscript; he must be prepared, on occasion, to go without his dinner. He must be a man possessed by an idea, consecrated to his one task, regardless of personal comfort, emolument, preferment; full of generous enthusiasm. A man of this sort is hard to find among us. We have been accustomed, for the most part, to have a good time, knowing not much of hardship, practicing self-denial but moderately, and keeping in abeyance those fervors of the spirit that carry other men away. We live in an intellectual calm where the last thing to manifest itself is an apostolic zeal. When it is manifested, when some one comes among us burning with a desire to carry our gospel round the world without a thought of what may come to him, recking not at all of what he may eat or drink, or wherewithal he may be clothed, we look on him with amazement, and suspect some unsoundness of mind. We generally feel compelled to tell such a man that we have no use for him. We feel it in our bones that such a person can not be a genuine Unitarian; we strongly suspect he is dominated by some heresy that we want no hand in propagating. I speak not from theory but from observation. I have seen this thing work.

The time allotted me suffices to refer to only one other difficulty in the way of the successful propagation of our faith in the West. The first thing almost that a person notes in becomming acquainted with our periodicals and our denominational activities is the lack of fellowship among ourselves. "You," he will say, "who profess to be so broad that nothing religious in the wide world is foreign to you, here you are withdrawing from one another!" This puts the missionary out on the borders in an awkward predicament, and the more so because, however the situation may be explained to one "to the manor born," however grave and momentous the issues may seem to some of us, our differences can not usually be made to appear of any vital importance to one inclining to us from "the wild and woolly" wastes of orthodoxy. A Covenanter, struck with the "heretic blast, that has blawn in the wast," as Burns puts it, after wrestling with the distinction between our Western Conference and our Western Association, told me his intellectual eye-piece failed to ma anything of it. He said the situati reminded him of some things he h seen in his own church, giving this incident which he vouched for an eye-witness: "In my youth, sa he, "it was the customary thing our church for the minister or deac to read the hymn, line by line, as was sung. This they called 'lini the psalm.' On one occasion t leader made this innovation; he re two lines at a time instead of o This so shocked a few of the stric sort that they left the house in d gust and never showed themselv there again!"

You know the piece of ancie wisdom concerning the house divid against itself, but that was said of house already built. The sentime has much more force as applied to house that is building. I venture say the greatest difficulty in the w of planting Unitarian churches in t West at this time is the want of h mony among the churches alrea existing.

I have tried to do what was signed me. Nothing can be mo unsatisfactory than an array of t obstacles in our path, coupled wi no intimation of any way to remo them; but it will be borne in mi that this short paper is only a part the general discussion.

The Exchange Table.

The National Conference and t World's Fair.

The Columbian Exposition at C cago in 1893, will try to illustrate t progress of the world on both its m terial and its immaterial side. T material exhibit will, of course, the more striking to the multitud and, indeed, is the only one to whi most persons will look forward. will be given the magnificent buil ings and grounds in Jackson Park the shore of the lake,—a situati probably unparalleled in the histo of World's Fairs. Of the large building—that devoted to manufa turers and the liberal arts—the irre erent Chicagoan likes to say that flooring, including that of the gall ies, has a larger acreage than Bost Common; while, if Bunker Hill Mo ument could be moved up the ma aisle, it would not touch the roof twenty-five feet. In this building, the way, there are to be exhibitio by various religious bodies of wha ever may illustrate their history a activities. It is hoped that Unitaria ism will send its publications, po traits, and busts of distinguished a herents, Sunday-school apparatus, e

But the Exposition also offers hospitality to meetings of those fro all over the world who are inte ested in the various departments mental, moral, social, and religio progress. Upon the shore of the la in the city near the immense Auc torium Hotel, is to be erected an enc mous building containing thirty-tw halls, each holding from five hundr to thirty-five hundred persons. sides these, several halls in the ci and certain groups of churches are be controlled for the same purpos These meetings are under the ma agement of a body called the World Congress Auxiliary. The time of t Exposition is divided among the va ous causes desiring to be represente as labor, education, law, medicin music, engineering, etc., each und the immediate supervision of a sp cial committee. The month of Se tember is assigned to religion; and series of meetings has been plann which, it has been truly said, w mark an epoch in the history of ligion. They are in charge of a loc committee of sixteen, of which D

Barrows, a Presbyterian, and a
n of ability and breadth, is chair-
n, and representatives of other
lies are members. A Roman Cath-
archbishop, an Episcopalian
hop, a Jewish rabbi, a Swedenbor-
n, a Methodist, a Unitarian (Rev.
l. Jones, who is secretary of the
mittee), and so on, deliberate to-
her upon the arrangement of these
etings.

There are to be three kinds of re-
ious meetings:—

1. The World's Parliament of
ligions, in which all the great
nic religions of the world are to be
resented, as far as possible, by
ievers. Mohammedanism, Budd-
m, Confucianism, Parseeism, Chris-
nity, and the rest, are expected to
esent the proofs and consolations of
ir beliefs, without attack upon any
ier system.

2. The Christian Congress, in
ich all the churches or denomina-
ns which call themselves Christian
to be represented. The plan at
esent is to divide these into five
oups, each with its spokesman,—
e Orthodox, or Greek Church, the
man Catholic church, the Church
England, the Evangelical Alliance,
d Liberal Christianity.

3. The congresses of the separate
ristian bodies, each by itself. Each
dy is represented by a local com-
ttee, consisting of the minister and
ayman from each church in Chicago
d vicinity, having as chairman the
ember of the general committee
longing to that body, who is
ually its senior pastor in the city.
ese congresses are to be inter-
tional, and are to summon from all
rts of the world where the body has
anches, the ablest representatives of
e faith to be expounded. Without
ntroversy or hostility to any other
ith, each body is to set forth its
story, its doctrines, its activities
d its attitude toward the problems
t to be solved.

The doings of all these meetings, as
ell as of the meetings of other causes,
e in time to be printed in a great
cyclopedic report, which will be a
mpendium of the mental, moral, so-
al, and religious conditions of the
orld at this time.

The significance of this plan to
nitarians must have already appeared
the reader.

In the first place, that sympathy of
ligions which Unitarians, of all
hristians, have been most eager to
romote, as in the writings of Clarke,
ohnson, Higginson and others, will
e for the first time in history set
rth in a friendly gathering of the
reat religions. This is a distinct step
advance for liberal Christianity.

In the second place, for the first
me in Christian history, Unitarians
ill appear in an assembly of Chris-
ians on an equal footing with the
lder and larger bodies; and liberal
hristianity will be recognized as a
egitimate branch of Christianity.

In the third place, Unitarianism will
resent its faith and works before the
vorld, and will have an opportunity
ithout equal to make itself known
hrough its ablest advocates to the
isitors from every land, who may
are to listen.

These opportunities are not to be
neglected. The local committee, of
which Mr. Jones is chairman, and
Messrs. Milsted, Fenn, Blake, and
others are active members,—a commit-
tee selected with the utmost fairness
and upon the same plan as all the
other committees,—may be relied
upon to see that our cause has the
best hearing possible.

Now may enter the question as to
the relation of the National Confer-
ence to these meetings. Three cour-
ses are open to the conference: to hold
its meetings, as usual, at Saratoga, or
some other place outside of Chicago;
to meet at Chicago, but in entire
independence of the meeting of the Ex-
position; or to meet at Chicago, hold-
ing its business meetings by them-
selves, and thus preserving the conti-
nuity of the organization and its
sessions, but co-operating with the
World's Fair Auxiliary in the public
denominational meetings. Which of
these courses to adopt the council has
not yet decided, waiting to learn the
opinion of the consulting committee
appointed by the directors of the
American Unitarian Association, and,
as far as possible, the opinion of the
local conferences.

In regard to the last of these plans,
it may be said that the local commit-
tees are limited in their action by the
rules imposed upon all the committees
of their kind. The control must re-
main in their hands, and can not be
delegated to any other body, however
representative, in the denomination.
But, besides an Advisory committee
of prominent men in all the religious
bodies, who are to be consulted upon
all important matters, our local com-
mittee has invited the National Con-
ference, the British and Foreign
Unitarian Association, and the Tran-
sylvanian church, to name each an
advisory committee to be consulted in
making up the programme.

The merits of these plans it is not
the purpose of this article to discuss.
Its aim is to present the situation as
it is. But the council would, no
doubt, welcome any contribution to
the settlement of the question, public
or private, especially by the votes of
the local conferences.—*W. H. L., in
the Christian Register.*

The Jew in Literature.

Indeed, if I were asked what writer
in modern times had been the champ-
ion of the Jew in Christendom, I
think I should say Lessing, and the
weapon he used was the only one that
is now possible in the warfare against
intolerance and persecution. Judas
Maccabæus, one of the world's great-
est heroes, a figure of nobility and
grandeur worthy of the genius of the
great musical composer whom it in-
spired, arose when there was "great
mourning in Israel," when "all the
house of Jacob was covered with con-
fusion;" and the weapon with which
he defended her people, her sanctu-
aries, her feasts, her Sabbaths, and
her honor was the sword. It can not
be denied that the aspect of a portion
of Europe at this hour is very dark
and distressful to the Jewish people,
and perhaps that circumstance, to-
gether with certain amazing coinci-
dences of fact (the famine and so
forth) which it would not be good to
dwell upon, has suggested the title
you have given yourselves. But I
feel, as no doubt you do, that when
the new Judas Maccabæus comes, his
weapon will be the pen. The human
word must now be the sword of the
Jew, and also his manna. To lash the
misconception of the *Judenhetze* of
Germany and the barbarities of a
ruder people further east with the
weapon which Lessing used, is now
your only resource. Happily it is the
best resource also, better than flying
into the mountains, and dying man-
fully for your brethren and for your
honor, as the first Maccabæus did.
And I can conceive of no prouder task
for a Jew, and none nobler for a Chris-
tian than to stand in a time of dark
oppression as Lessing stood, face to
face with all inhuman and un-Chris-
tian enemies of the Jewish people, and
denounce them as the enemies of jus-
tice and mankind. Until the new
Maccabæus comes we can console our-
selves with the thought that on the
whole, and in a general view, the pen
of the world is on the side of the Jew.
Enemies the Jewish people have got
among the wielders of the pen, but
they are few, and are chiefly to be
found among the rancorous sputterers
who rail at everything; but the
modern man of letters, whether as
journalist or novelist, or even as dra-
matist outside the melodramatic thea-
ter, is doing all he can to free the
Jew from the misconceptions under
which he has labored so long. The
Jew is now a great figure in literature,
both as creator and subject of it. No
base tyranny can be perpetrated on
the Jews in any nation with the old
impunity. Let the excrement of na-
tions turn the Jews out of their coun-
try, and the pen in effect turns that
nation out of Europe and out of the
world of civilized man. This is some-
thing. We may rest our hopes on it.
The pen is the sword of modern war-
fare, and it is the friend and champion
of the Jew.—*Hall Caine.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The New Edition of Jane Austen.

The merit of Jane Austen's writings, and her true place in English letters, is a topic of perennial interest, sure to come up in some form or other at periodical intervals, to be discussed in lively fashion on both sides, remanded to silence, and sooner or later revived again. The publication, by Roberts Brothers, of a new edition of these works, in dainty binding of half Russia, with their alliterative titles, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," printed in gilt letters on the back, necessarily re-vives the discussion; but as a piece of busi-ness enterprise it shows too a decided leaning in the author's favor. This judgment is given not merely to the writer of standard but tiresome books, whose literary merit every one admits but no one cares for, but to the delineator of social types that will retain lasting place in fictitious literature, both for their historical worth and for a human likeness and interest that will al-ways command attention and arouse real delight. It is undoubtedly true that to the average reading consciousness of to-day, profiting by standards and methods of work at once more sophisticated but less artifi-cial, Jane Austen is wearisome and tame. Her books are full of inanities of speech and behaviour; but that is the penalty they pay for being produced in an age which had little more to offer the student of social life and manners than these trivial bedroom and drawing-room talks, revealing so plainly the general tone of social and domestic inter-course. The age in which Miss Austen lived was one which, so far as the relation of the sexes was concerned,—the main topic of all fiction-writing—was almost on as low a level, though not so coarse and brutal, as the period of Rome's decadence. Young women were not actually sold to the highest bidder in the matrimonial market, but marriage was openly made the single object of a girl's ex-istence and as frankly discussed in her pres-ence in all its worldly and commercial aspects, as the professional or business ca-reer of the sons was. A young woman had no object in life but to please and be as ami-able as possible, in order that she might secure a husband. Such virtues as grew out of this backward way of acquiring virtue, she attained, so that in addition to being pleasing and amiable she was often kind, generous and noble, but traits like these were accidental, not essential. All this Miss Austen saw, and though she does not mor-alize on the subject, she covers it with a light and delicate satire, a playful irony and polished wit that set forth its pernicious effects better than pages of preaching could do. The tiresomeness in this writer's novels, which all must admit, comes wholly from the matter, those limitations of thought from which the entire age suffered and which must perforce manifest themselves in its literature; but in spite of this her works have a genuine human interest and truthful-ness that will make them read with both pleasure and profit for many years to come. She was the realist of her day, before the higher demands of realism were understood, before indeed, the conditions of life and thought were such as to evolve any higher productions than these. Life was simpler in all its aspects then than now, that is less in-volved and thoughtful, pettiness and super-ficiality mark it throughout. The deeper thought currents which are now everywhere astir had not been awakened; yet Miss Austen has given us some beautiful and lasting types, which show what measure of true manly and womanly worth can exist even under most damaging conditions. The lesson of her stories is as easily gathered but never obtruded. She will never be ranked among the great in literature, but she will always deserve to rank among the true and the capable. The world will remember her as it does Thackeray, and as a later age will remember Howells, as the most faithful and skillful delineator of manners, of their par-ticular age; only as the thought life grows stronger, generation after generation, so a richer and deeper vein is to be traced in each.

Inquirendo Island. By Hudor Genone. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, $1.00, paper, 50 cents.

This is an ingenious satire on the conven-tional religion of any age, that concerns it-self with lifeless forms and meaningless phrases until it forgets the very essence of truth, the spirit that alone giveth life. The writer does not deny that in every religion, however unscientific, there are pure, strong souls who find there the bread of life, and he holds no contention with any form or ceremony, with any doctrine, or philosophy, or idolatry, or infidelity, provided it but em-phasizes the filial relation of man to God, and makes man feel that in this relation to God and in the brotherhood of man is the substance of all religion. The book is a daring attempt to present certain popular forms of worship as they would appear to an intelligent, unbiased mind to whom they came as something absolutely new, and it is not strange that such an attempt should provoke hostile criticism from many quar-ters. To the people living in Inquirendo Island, mathematics is the God, the arith-metic is the Bible, the unnavigated sea around them is death. The parallels are well carried out, but one does not need to read far before he guesses out what the author says for himself later, that he be-lieves the existence of God to be as certain as that the principles of mathematics exist, man's immortality as assured as that the sea may be navigated and that the Bible contains the truth as surely as does the arithmetic. He is at enmity only with superstition, bigotry and intolerance. In a story of this kind, written with a narrow and clearly defined aim, it is inevitable, per-haps, that the story should be subordinate to the idea. This is less the case with "Inquir-endo Island" than with certain other books of the same class, that might be mentioned however, and the story as a story is not without incident and interest.

E. E. M.

Aristotle. By Thomas Davidson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the first volume in a new series of works, entitled, "The Great Educators." Professor Davidson is well known as a writer and a lecturer on topics connected with ancient and mediæval literature. As a writer, he is clear, strong and persuasive. He is equally the thinker and scholar on all the themes on which he chooses to treat. The present work is something more than an account of the life and teachings of Aristotle, and includes a treatise on "An-cient Educational Ideals," which is of in-terest both as a historical review of the gen-eral subject of Greek education and for philosophical arguments accompanying this review. The work is based, the author tells us, on original sources, only slight use having been made of other commentaries. Two books, covering more than one-half the volume, are given to the study of the times and conditions preceding Aristotle. Prof. Davidson is an ardent admirer of Greece and the immeasurable gifts she has bestowed on the world, but he is not an un-discriminating admirer, and no part of his work is more valuable than that in which he sets forth the causes operating to the de-cline of Grecian influence. Its general tone is philosophical and just, warm but not in-temperate. The long list of quotations that head each chapter divert and weary the reader, it seems to us, rather than assist his understanding of the questions to be dis-cussed.

A Memoir of Honore de Balzac. By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We are rather late in noticing this work, which is a valuable addition to the library Roberts Brothers are supplying us, in their list of Balzac's translated works, from the same hand that gives us this biography. The most important facts of the great novel-ist's life of toil and hardship were known before, but Miss Wormeley's account pres-ents them in regular and coherent shape. The chief lesson to be derived from the reading of this life is that of the sisterly faith and devotion that surrounded the un-happy Honoré all through his hard career, and the incredulity of loving parents respect-ing his claims to genius. The incredulity is not so hard to understand when we know the long and fruitless efforts Balzac made to secure recognition, but it is none the less sad and pitiful, read in the light of his sub-sequent triumph and of his present fame.

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—Rev. Messrs. Hale, Lyon, Barrows, Dole, C. A. Staples, C. J. Staples, and a few other ministers will have the pleasure of meeting each other this summer in London, Paris, Rome, and elsewhere in Europe.
—The A. U. A. voted $250 to the new Unitarian Society in Houston, Texas. Mrs. Mary Hemenway is unable to serve on the A. U. A. Board, and Mrs. Stephen H. Bullard takes the vacant seat.
—Rev. H. G. Spaulding is again moving actively about the A. U. A. rooms and the Atheneum library, and he will again take pulpit work. The health of his family is much improved by his California trip.
—"Old Harvard" has again been honored by the annual commencement exercises and alumni meetings; and has in turn honored, with degrees, a long list of graduates and outside industrious scholars.
—Rev. J. F. Moors, our late New England missionary, slowly improves in health.
—The A. U. A. rooms have opened doors to welcome eastern and western summer visitors to Boston. The local officers are always happy to afford information about city and suburban sight seeing or to impart denominational news.

Kalamazoo.—John R. Effinger of Chicago supplied Miss Bartlett's pulpit at Kalamazoo on June 19 and 26, and gave the last lecture in the Unity club course on Monday evening the twenty-seventh. The last Sunday before Miss Bartlett's departure for Europe, June 12, a delightful Flower Service was held and a number of new members were received into the church. The society is united and full of enthusiasm, and carries its financial burdens with that ease which always comes of harmonious relations and confidence in the management. The parish expects to welcome its minister home early in October, invigorated for new and efficient labors.

Hinsdale, Ill.—Unity Church celebrated its Flower Sunday on June 26, besides starting a young people's church to take the place of Sunday-school. The adult church received sixteen new members. The church was beautifully decorated and filled to its utmost capacity.

Ten Notable Books.

An Ounce of Prevention to Save America from Having a Government of the Few by the Few and for the Few. By Augustus Jacobson. Paper, 50 cents.

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EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY.

SUGGESTIONS OF AN INDIVIDUAL IMMORTALITY BASED UPON OUR ORGANIC AND LIFE HISTORY

BY C. T. STOCKWELL.

"In the physical sciences, in mechanics, one is always interested to note, after some hidden principle is brought to light, from time to time, the application of this principle in various ways. So it is with the great theory of evolution; men are at first staggered by it, then reconciled to it, and at last they begin to use it in their thought, and to apply it in a hundred different ways. This book of Mr. Stockwell's is an ingenious application of evolution to the theory of immortality. His main line of thought is not new, but he has worked out, in greater detail than we have yet seen, the idea that death is only one of many "outgrowings of environment," which occur all along the path of existence, from the earliest embryological moment, out into the unending future. The book is suggestive, though not conclusive, and is therefore quite within the bounds of our expectation and within the limits of the author's claim."—*Boston Transcript.*

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"Without entering into the details of Dr. Stockwell's argument, we commend his essay to thinking people as one of the most suggestive and best developed essays on personal immortality which later years have produced."—*Literary World.*

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—*Gail Hamilton.*

aking Possession of the Old Mill.

Consternation among the rabbits! o long had they seen the mill with osed doors, and the walls and platrm overgrown with grass, that ey had come to think the race of illers extinct and finding the place ood, had made of it somewhat of a eneral headquarters, a center for rategical operations; — the Jemapes Rabbit Mill.

The night of my arrival, there ere, without exaggeration, twenty them sitting in a circle on the platrm, warming their paws in the rays the moon. When I partially pened a dormer window, fr-rt! inantly the camp was in motion, their ttle white hindquarters disappearing, ils in air, into the thicket. I truly ope they will return.

Another person also much asonished to see me was the former enant, an old owl, with the head of thinker, who had inhabited the ill for more than twenty years. I ound him in an upper chamber, imovable and erect on his perch, in ie midst of the rubbish and the allen tiles. He looked at me a moent with his round eyes; then, reatly bewildered at not recognizing ie began to hoot, "Hoo! hoo!" nd painfully to flap his wings, gray ith dust;—these miserable thinkers, hey never brush themselves. No matter! such as he is, with his inking eyes and sullen manner, this ilent tenant pleases me better than ny other and I am eager to renew is lease. He keeps, as before, all he top of the mill, with an entrance y the roof; for myself, I reserve a ower room, a small apartment, whitevashed, low, and vaulted like the refectory of a convent.

It is from hence I write you, with loor wide open to the fine sunshine. A beautiful pine grove glancing in he sunlight, spreads out before me as ar as the foot of the hillside. Against the horizon are carved the ine crests of the Alpine foot-hills. . . . Not a sound . . . scarcely, in the distance, the notes of a fife, a curlew among the lavender, a mulebell on the route. . . . . All this beautiful Provençal landscape is alive only in its own brightness.

And now, how do you think that I can sigh for Paris—your noisy, black Paris! I am so happy in my mill! It is so exactly the corner I was looking for, a little corner sweet and warm, a thousand leagues from newspapers, from hackney coaches and fogs! And what beautiful things around me! It is scarcely eight days since I came, and already my brain is crowded with impressions and memories. Not longer ago than last night, I witnessed the return of the flocks to the farm which is at the foot of the hill, and I assure you I would not exchange this sight for all the opera "first nights" you have had at Paris this week. Listen, and judge for yourself.

I must tell you that in Provence, it is customary, when the warm weather comes to send the cattle into the Alps. Beasts and men pass five or six months up there, living in the open air, knee-deep in the grass; at the first breath of autumn, they return to the farm and resume their commonplace browsing on the little gray hills of fragrant rosemary. Well, yesterday evening the flocks returned. Since morning the wide-opened gates have been in waiting; the sheep-folds were full of fresh straw. From hour to hour, people were saying, "Now they are at Eygnières, now at Paradon." Then, suddenly, towards evening, a great shout, "There they are!" and behold, far in the distance we could see the flocks advancing in a cloud of dust. The whole road seemed alive with them. First came the old rams, with horns erect and a savage expression; behind them, the main body of the sheep, the mothers, a little weary, their nurslings under their feet; the mules, with red pompons, carrying in their panniers the day-old lambkins, which they rock as they march; then the dogs, all sweat, with tongues hanging to the ground, and two big, lusty shepherds draped in mantles of red serge which fall to their heels like churchmen's capes.

All this procession defiles joyously before us, and disappears beyond the gates, their footsteps sounding like the patter of rain. You should see the sensation about the establishment! From their roosts the big peacocks, green and gold and with feathery crests, recognize the arrivals and salute them with shrill cries. The slumbering hen-house arouses from its sleep. Everything is on foot:—pigeons, ducks, turkeys, guinea hens. The barnyard has gone mad; the hens talk of staying awake all night! You would say that each sheep had brought back in its wool, together with a perfume of the wild Alps, a little of that mountain air which intoxicates and makes one dance.

It is in the midst of all this excitement that the flock reaches its home. Nothing could be more charming than this installation. The old rams are moved at seeing once more their own mangers; the young lambs that have been born during the trip and have never seen the farm, look around them with astonishment.

But a still more touching sight, is that of the dogs, the brave shepherd dogs, entirely occupied with their charges and seeing nothing but them in the scene. In vain the house-dog calls to them from within; in vain the well buckets, full of fresh water, invite them; they will see nothing, hear nothing, until the cattle are inclosed, the gate-latch fastened upon the last straggler, and the shepherds seated at table in the lower hall. Then only, they consent to betake themselves to the dog-kennel and there, while lapping their porringers of soup, they relate to their comrades of the farm all that they have done away up in the mountain, that dark country where there are wolves and big, purple fox-gloves, full of dew, throughout its borders.—*Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by* ANNA B. MCMAHON.

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"This book is to me a delightful surprise. I anticipated a somewhat dry, philosophical dissertation on the absurdities of conventional religious thought, treated in the rather popular style of a burlesque on religion, in which, as is so frequently the case in such works, truth is held up to ridicule with error—the wheat condemned with the chaff. In this as well as the general character of the work I find my preconceived impression wholly at fault. The work is in the first place what it purports to be, a tale of adventure; a story containing many more or less spirited adventures on the strange island of Inquirendo; a love story cleverly wrought out, and sufficiently well written to hold the reader's attention to the end. In my judgment it is a stronger piece of fiction, considered as such, than Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward,' which at times it reminds one of. The purpose of the work, for it has a purpose, a noble and most praiseworthy aim, is to expose the absurdities of the dogma, the rite, form and ritual of modern Christianity, which has been so lamentably exalted above the spirit of its founder; to show that it is not every one who says 'Lord, Lord,' who shall enter into the Kingdom of God; that lip service is not religion. It is a merciless exposure of Pharisaism and hypocrisy, which Jesus so severly condemned, and which is so prevalent in fashionable Christianity of to-day. It is a good book, and while it will offend many, should be read by all."

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Publisher's Notes.

"An Ounce of Prevention," by Augustus Jacobson, is the title of an important book on current problems in American politics which has just been issued in a handsome paper edition at 50 cents by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Col. Jacobson takes the ground that the rapid accumulation of large fortunes is a menace to the future of the Republic, and he therefore advocates the imposition of a succession tax on all large fortunes that are inherited, the tax to begin with one-fourth of one per cent on all estates less than $25,000, and to increase progressively up to fifty per cent on five millions or any sum above five millions. Along with this tax the author advocates a thorough system of public manual training schools, the money for which would be furnished by the tax just described. He proposes to make compulsory education really and universally effective by providing compensation for the loss of children's time to those parents who are so poor that the help of children is an essential part of the support of the family. "An Ounce of Prevention" is heartily commended by Lester C. Hubbard, author of "The Coming Climax," while its interesting style and vigorous thinking have called out praise from such papers as the Philadelphia *Press*, Boston *Journal of Education* and *The Congregationalist*. We shall be glad to supply it to any of our readers, postpaid, on receipt of price.

We desire to call the particular attention of our readers to the advertisement on this page and the new edition of Theodore Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man." This religious classic has been for a time out of print and is now reissued in response to a general demand. The new cloth edition will be handsomely bound in dark maroon colored silk with paper label and gilt top and will be much superior in appearance to previous editions. The paper edition of the book is now offered for the first time and will bring Parker's words to numerous readers who have hitherto been deterred by the cost from purchasing his books.

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PICTURESQUE B. & O.

Bishop Perry's Impressions of his Trip to New York Via Washington.

A lengthy article from the pen of Rev. William Stevens Perry, Bishop of Iowa, was recently published in the Iowa *Churchman* descriptive of his journey from Chicago to New York via Washington. Among other things he says: "One traveling eastfrom Chicago, via the Picturesque Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, finds rest and comfort in the Vestibuled Pullman limited trains on which travel is no longer irksome, but luxurious. There are two of these trains daily from Chicago, one leaving at 10: 10 a. m., and the other at 2:55 p. m. It was on the morning train that we began our pleasant journey across the plains and over the Alleghanies for New York. We had the enjoyable anticipation of going via Washington, for the Baltimore and Ohio alone, of all the many routes between the seaboard and the lakes, passes directly to and through the Capitol City.

POWE It was night when we crossed the Ohio Duxbury, nd began the ascent of the Alle- Frederic. ghanies, on the summit of which are the twin resorts, Deer Park and Oakland. The last named is a pretty village shut in by towering mountains. A pretty church shows that the visitors at Deer Park take their religion with them into the country. The handsome cottages grouped about the hotel, the fine walks and drives in every direction, the salubrity of the air, and the coolness which is obtained when all the world below this elevation is feeling the oppressiveness of the heated term make this an ideal spot for summering. At the base of the mountains we entered the Potomac valley, which was debatable ground during the civil war. The streams and fields we cross, the ravines we thread, as we speed on to Washington, have their historic associations with that internecine strife that pitted the Blue against the Gray. Across the mountains and down the Potomac we were greeted by a constant succession of most magnificent views which have gained for the Baltimore and Ohio the sobriquet of 'Picturesque B. & O.'

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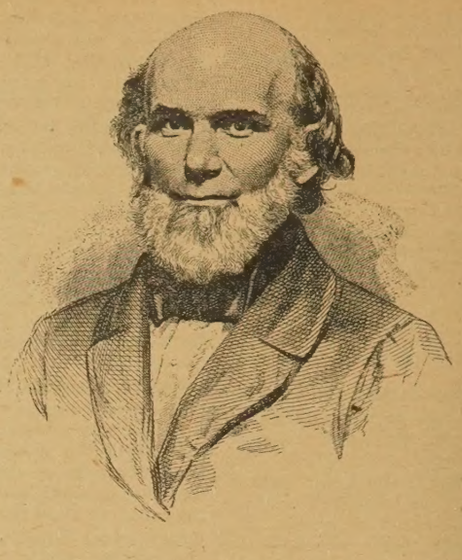

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